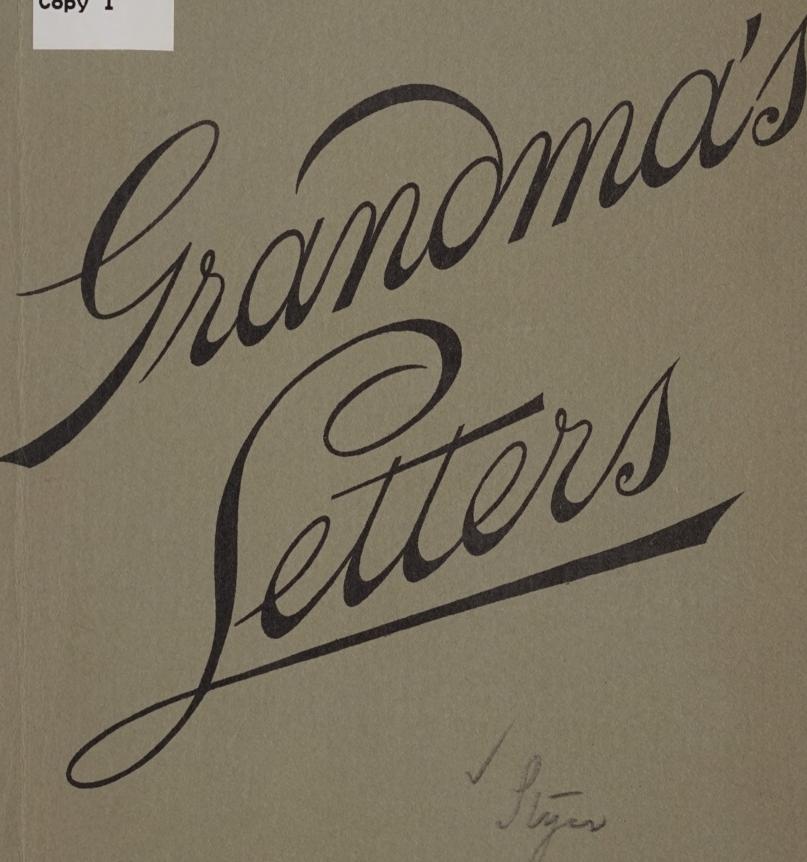
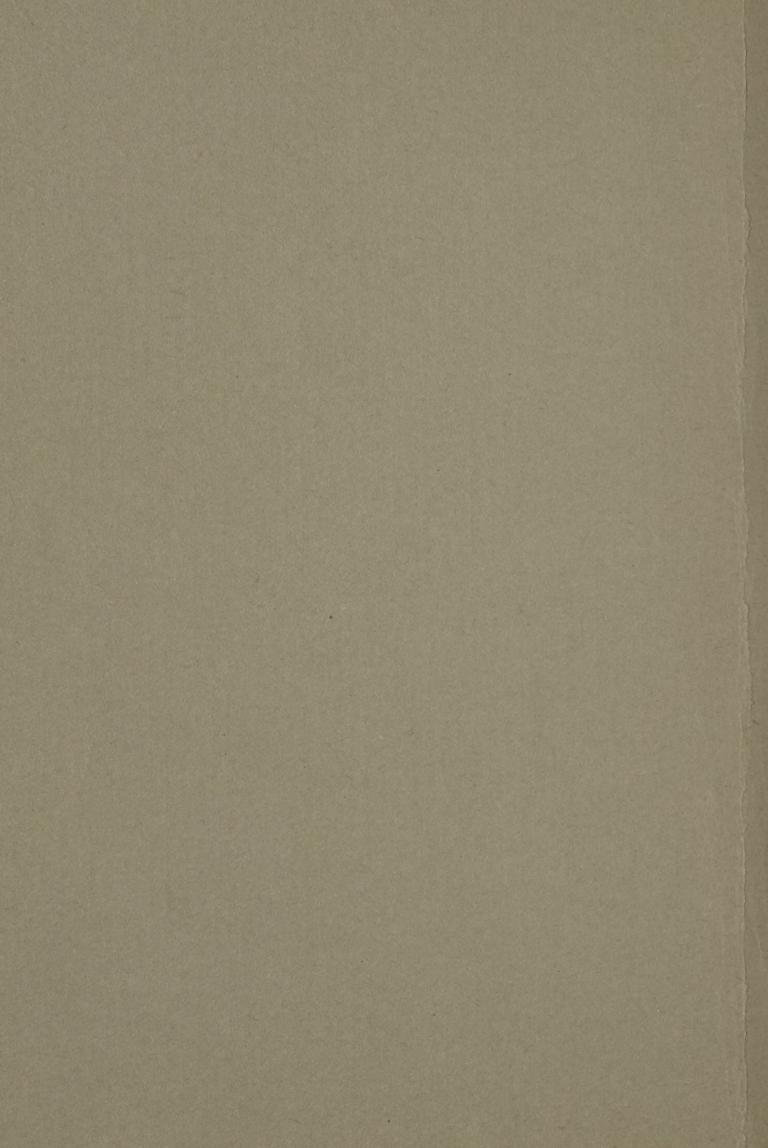
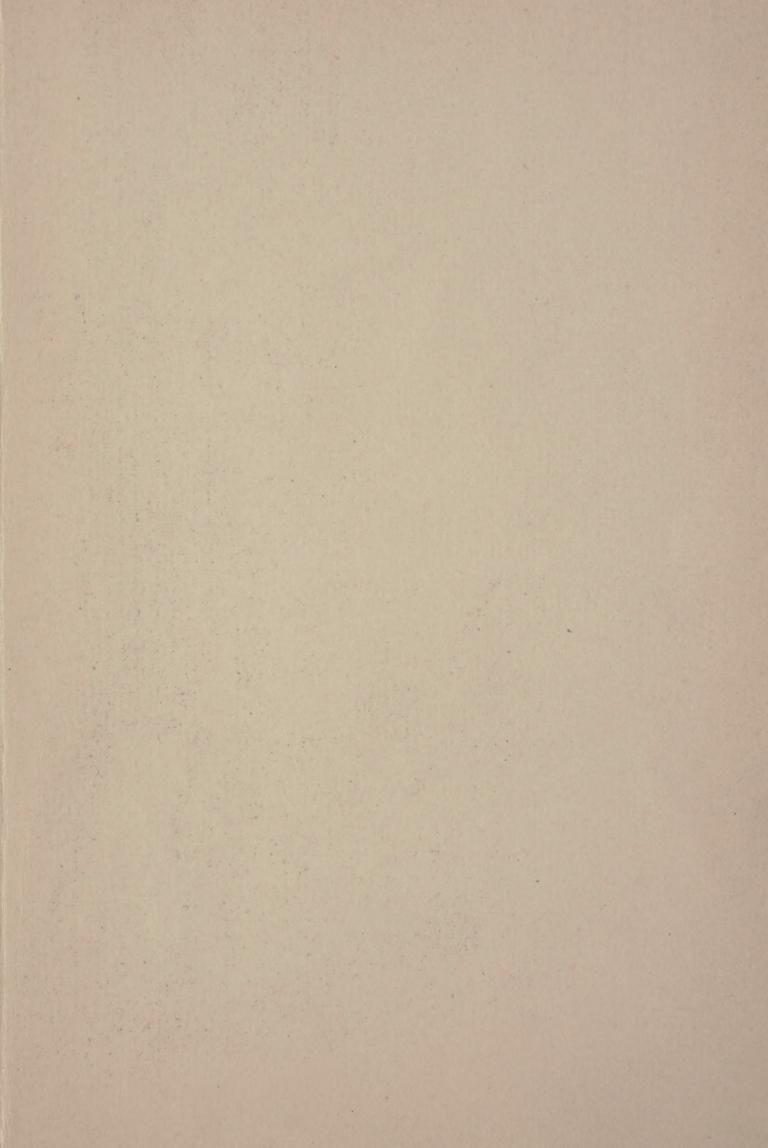
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GRANDMA'S LETTERS

·Q·

BY GRANDMA

Horsel Masson



SAN FRANCISCO
H. S. CROCKER & COMPANY
1889

×393

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BY

HARRIET WASSON STYER

GRANDMA'S LETTERS

ARE WRITTEN TO ALL

CHILDREN AND GRANDCHILDREN

AS

A LOVE TOKEN

BY

GRANDMA

ABCDEFGHI abcdefghi

JKLMNOPQR jklmnopqr

STUVWXYZ&stuvwxyz

GRANDMA'S LETTERS

THE A=B=C's.

As tools in hands well worked with minds

Must learn sees just what you need,
Must learn the A-B-C's to read,
And so will find them plain for you

To study, yes, and master too.

Though small, each one has duty here

With all the words and letters clear,
As tools in hands well worked with minds

Make many forms and many kinds.

And only by the A-B-C's

Our books are made for worth and ease.

So that by right of any lore

The A-B-C's must come before,

With every one, large and small,

Because we have to know them all,

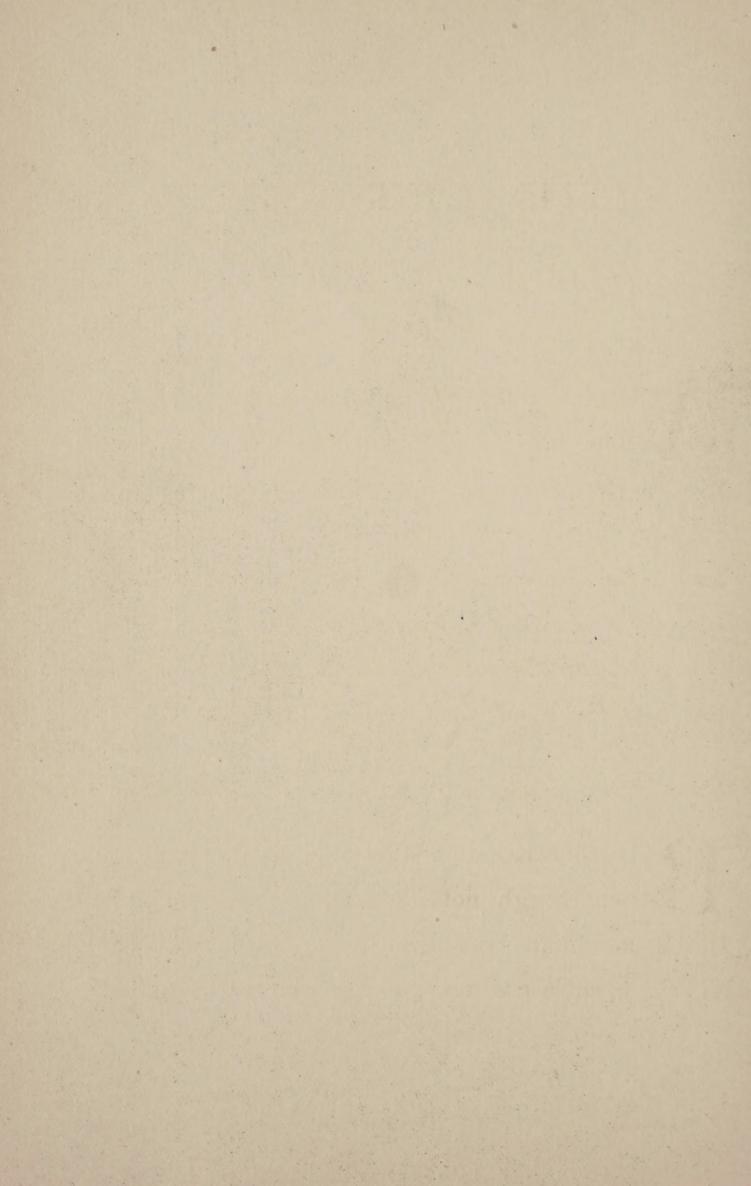
As scholars who are fairly bright

Read well, and spell and also write.

But here, with many doubts and fears,
She simply hopes to please, my dears,
By what she gives, and would have you
Remember all, and grandma too.
Then gently turn the page and see
The letters as your lives may be,
With good and bad in all, and so
For goodness let the badness go.

GRANDMA.





THE LETTERS.

a

Begins Adam, as he began man,
The first of a line to learn if you can;
For letters, like men, are puzzles to know,
So you should study them well as you go.
And A in America is, we see,
As fair a leader as any can be,
Like our Country free, with both great and small,
But here for honor must see and know all.

b

B Is the second, and strange as can be,
For though not alive most active we see,
In business and bees about with all might,
As we must work here to live and do right.

Is the third, and the kindest I vow,

As leading part in our motherly cow

That gives milk freely to all and with cream,

The joy of our life and sweet as a dream.

d

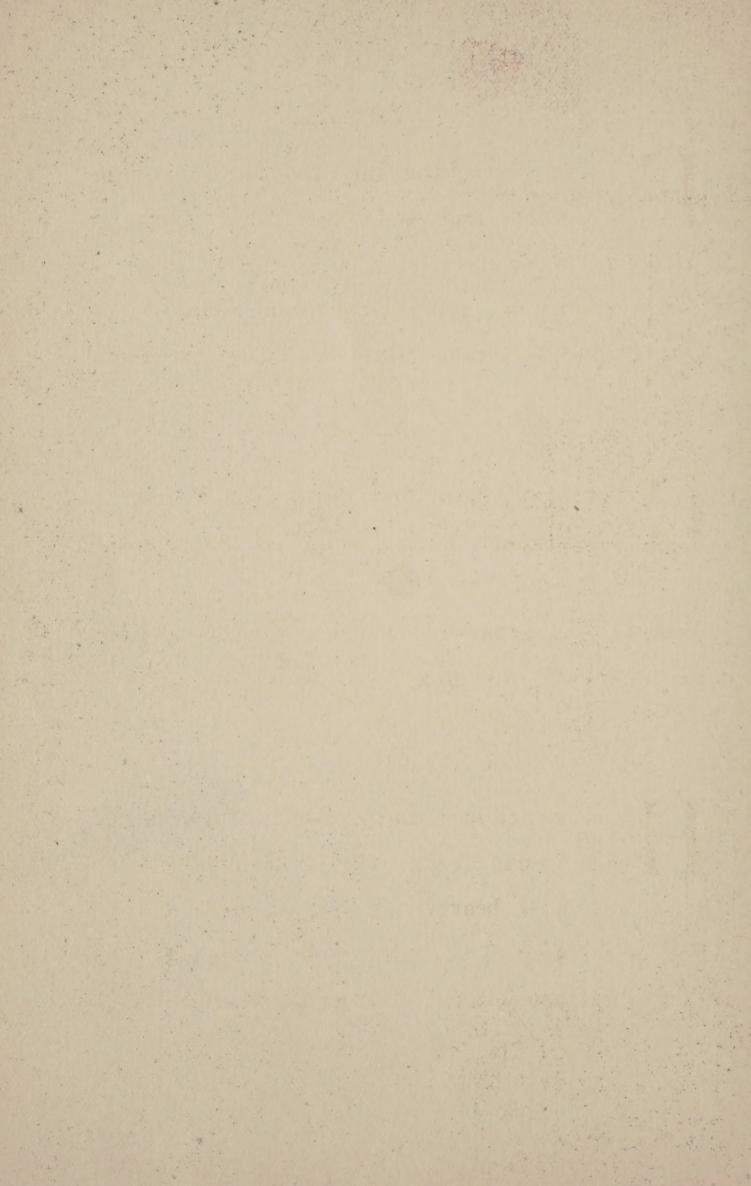
Is the fourth, and we see a true friend For all here,—in friends that never pretend; And D is a darling in deers and doe,
And Santa Claus dolls at Christmas we know.

e

Is the fifth one, and should be well known
In keen eyes and ears and sense you
must own;

For to see, hear and feel always aright, Would bless us all more than a world of light.





Is the sixth, and the most welcome here In freedom and food with friends and good cheer.

Then proudly we see what nations admire,—
Our flag as it gleams like "The Lake of Fire."

g

Is the seventh, and purest you'll find,
In goodness always and God we should
mind.

And see that you do remember this too:—
Be honest for all to go well with you.

h

Is the eighth, and a trial though fair In human, head, heart and hand you must bear;

For no greater care could we have or give Than life and letters, as true as we live. Is the ninth, and our greatest by far
While standing alone for us as a star.
In ink too, and print, oh my! yes, and high,
Why, none could be greater with all than I.

j

Is the tenth, and we fancy most gay,
As leader in jigs and frolicsome jay.
A bird, like all, should be happy when free,
Yet none are jolly as jay birds you see.

k

Is the eleventh, and bad, we fear,
As it begins killing and kicking here.
Still K is a gem in kites as they fly
Like eagles aloft with a piercing eye.

Is the twelfth, and in love we see fair,
With life here indeed is most like a snare;
For while seeming good may be very bad,
In looks and lasses, alas! too, and lad.

m

Is the thirteenth, most pleasing and dear,
In music and Mary, that we love here.
And M in mother is best you will find,
Like grandma truly, and both you should mind.

n

Is the fourteenth, and in the word no Is hardest to say because it is so,

As we are all asked to do and to give

Just what we cannot here fairly and live.

Is the fifteenth, and known soon as told,
Because 'tis round like the world, and
in gold

And in money see our very best friend, As dollars buy all clear through to the end.

p

Is the sixteenth, with much good to do,
In prayer and patience, play, pay and pew;
For oft as a child, when weary in church,
Had rather hear Poll at home on her perch.

q

Is the seventeenth, doubtful to be
Forever in question and quackery,
As quacks are queer folks all full of
pretense,

But only the ducks go quacking with sense.



Dardes

R Is the eighteenth, and trickster for you, Spelling rats with a tail, right and wrong too.

But sweetest, most charming, lovely and brave, Spells roses that we would have on our grave.

S

Is the nineteenth, most frightful to pass,
Because, like a snake, we see it in grass,
And sin here, with Eve and Adam as well,
But worse than all is in spirits that sell.

t

Is the twentieth, tattler we know,
In tattling parties with teas it is so;
For T makes the words as people make talk,
In tales and truth here-about as they walk.

Is the twenty-first, and the most high In usage, and us, well known here you'll spy.

But as 'tis in you, and I O U too,
Whew! even the blind must see and know U.

V

Is the twenty-second, always vain.

In vanity see yet one we would gain

With value as 'tis on those greenback notes,

The best of all bills created by votes.

W

Is the twenty-third, wisest of all,
In wisdom you see, and twin we might
call,

But bad with mate being double you so, Like two-faced people we meet as we go. Is the twenty-fourth, and slave mostly,
Because it is used for helping you see.
Like many a soul poor X here we find
With boxes, axes and taxes that grind.

y

Is the twenty-fifth, and would be great In you like myself as truly as fate. But more that we see, the wiser we grow; Then one who sees most is wisest we know.

Z

Is the twenty-sixth, last but not least,
As in the lizard, a very odd beast
That lives upon air and is without harm;
So life to lizards must run like a charm.

&

Is not numbered but joins like a link
The words as monkeys to human we think,
And looks like an ape, and sits like a man,
That faces all front as near as it can.

ALL.

With all we have the twenty-six,
As people queerly here to mix,
You'll see and wish you never saw
The troublesome lot like grandma,
But with no more our work is done,
And so depart from ev'ry one.

Yet though the letters are not new,
She leaves them now with care to you,
While trusting you'll be ever fair
With all here and everywhere,
And as there's good and bad in each,
Remember most the good they teach.

And practice only what is right,
For self and all with honor bright,
Then when you're old as grandma, see,
You can but smile and happy be,
As those who always do the best
Are praised the most and so are blest.

For goodness none will ever rue, Sure as our sweetest dreams are true, And we should live as we would part, With care for each and kindly heart. As all must go, so with a sigh I leave my love, and say "good bye."

GRANDMA.

